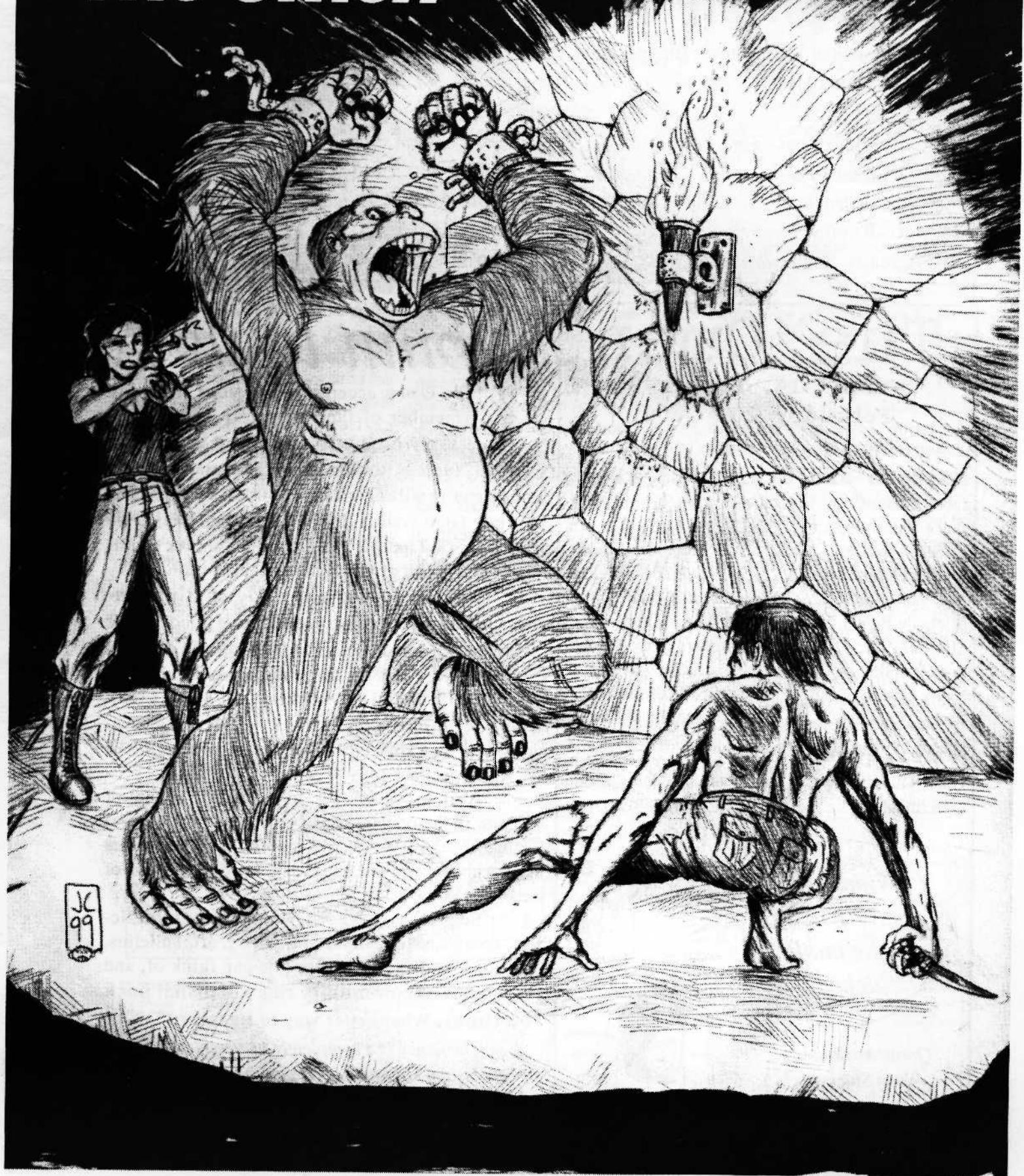


The Omen



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The Omen

Volume 14, Number 3

February 25, 2000

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Jacob Chabot.....Big Chief Happy Storm Cloud
Wade Stuckwisch.....Drinks Too Much
Michael Pierce.....Edits with Beaver
J. Wilder Konschak.....Rides Painted Pony Alone
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Michelle Beach.....Crazy Legs Magillicutty
Michael Zole.....Game Master Sticky Thumb
Jennifer Gifford.....Goes by Jymm
Keely Flynn.....Reflects in Still Water Much
Zachary Kaufman.....Some Guy We Know

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*"What can I
say? I'm a
gauche mother-
fucker."*

*Quote Attributed to
Wade Stuckwisch*

Cover By
Jacob Chabot



Submit to us ...

The *Omen* accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 PM. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (C-411, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-308, x4445). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

Also, every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9:30 PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue and the ever-prevalent dawn of the Planet of the Apes.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely nonpartisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.



The Human Speaks! An Editorial

by Jacob Chabot

Community Council is a bunch of idiots. There. Now that I've got that out of my system, remember that all-student e-mail that was sent out Tuesday, February 15th? I'm sure you remember, what with you being concerned students and all. It was the one about the Financial Aid all-community meeting. I won't bother harping on the fact that the meeting was scheduled for Thursday. No, silly, not the Thursday following. The Thursday preceding! I won't bother mentioning the fact that any student that received this e-mail and wanted to go to the meeting would require the aid of a Delorean equipped with a flux capacitor. This was probably not their fault. No, I want to know why Community Council never bothers to get an authority, anyone who might actually have some actual information about the situation.

The e-mail sent out an invitation to all students to discuss "the predatory" nature of financial aid. Any "Faculty and staff are also encouraged to attend both to offer their input and to keep abreast of student issues, but the discussion will be focused specifically on financial aid and student empowerment" The e-mail was

followed up by one from the Dean of Faculty who invited the Director of Financial Aid to the next meeting. Why didn't Community Council do this? Why did the Dean of Faculty have to? I mean, the Director of Financial Aid. Wow. What could they possibly have to say to students about financial aid? Community Council never makes sure that somebody who knows the situation and might actually care about what's going on attends these meetings. There was no representative for Public Safety at the all-community meeting on Public Safety, there almost wasn't a representative for Financial Aid at the all-community meeting for Financial Aid.

This appears to be nothing more than Community Council trying to get everybody all riled up and ready to riot.

They don't want "authority figures" to show up and diffuse everything with some "facts." They want you to show up, yell and scream, get mad and stomp your little feet without ever having to hear from these people, because they are

With Urgency

the enemy. They follow up their invitation by basically accusing Financial Aid of lying and being immoral and puffing up their chest by saying "Community Council is the only example of representative democracy at Hampshire College, and the All Community Meeting is the only forum for true, participatory democracy to take place. There is no better time to attack this issue than now, and a town hall forum is the only acceptable forum in which to initiate it." Well, isn't that tooting your own horn.

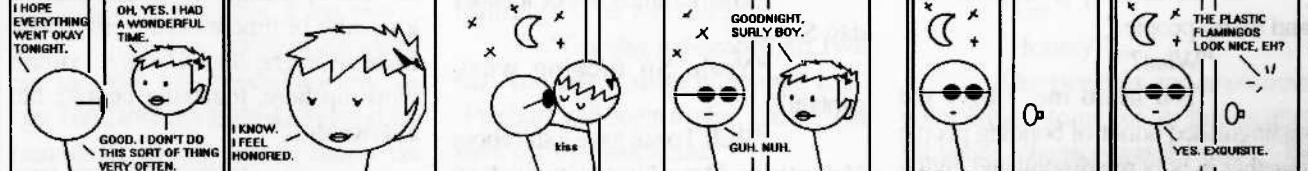
The message from the Dean of Faculty's office stated how disturbed she was about the accusations and that she was certain that Financial Aid isn't trying to pull a fast one on anybody. Come on, this is Hampshire College, the school run by hippies for hippies, nobody's going to rip anybody off on purpose. You can't accuse somebody of something and keep them out of the picture so they can't defend themselves. Next time, maybe Community Council could make sure an authority on the topic of the day shows up to the all-community meeting. They may find out that somebody actually cares.

THE AMAZING DATE OF SURLY BOY AND JOEY KAREN



by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND JOEY KAREN



by Jacob Chabot



by Michael "Benni" Pierce, x4567

Johanson hadn't planned on going to his Junior High School Prom. Needless to say, he didn't.

Johanson hadn't planned on going to his Senior High School Prom. Also needless to say, he didn't do that either.

Johanson went to college the following fall with big dreams and small change. In fact, he knew he could make it to the top as long as he stayed focused.

Bartlebee Johanson hadn't expected on going to a prom at his college at all. Needless to say, this time, he went.

This surprised Johanson like a brick to the face would surprise anyone. But this brick was hard to swallow. Bartlebee Johanson, a man known for deviating from the norm, fighting "the man" when it didn't conflict with dinner, and listening to classic rock and roll at all hours of the night, was going to his colleg prom. How fucking tacky.

"Why are you going?" asked Steven Boils, one of Johanson's first year friends. Steven was usually bitter around this time of year because of the many pet frogs he had owned that usually died around Valentines Day. To him, this meant that the holiday was evil and destructive. Why would anyone want love on a day like this?

"I was asked for a favor," he responded.

"And that favor was..."

Johanson paused.

"To dress up as Captain Kirk and marry people."

"What?"

"You heard me. I have the distinguished honor of bonding people together in holy matrimony and giving

out condoms."

"That's so lame."

"Do you want to help out?"

He paused.

"Sure."

"Okay, you can be Spock."

"Aye aye Captain Shithead."

The prom night was upon them before they knew it. Johanson was prepared. He had his costume, he was still sober, and he and Steven had bought plastic ears for Steven's costume. This was gonna be fun.

The prom was impressive. Hundreds showed up giving Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock a run for their money. On the third floor in the Starship o' Love, couples, threesomes, foursomes, and more came up, demanding that the fine Captain have them sign a marriage certificate, place rings on each of their fingers, and repeat, time after time, **"By the power vested in me, James Tiberius Kirk, Mr. Spock, and the Starship Enterprise, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride."**

Steven would always add in, "Live long and prosper fools."

The night slowly came to a close. Johanson and Steven watched as the party below them slowly faded away. Suddenly, the song "Freebird" came on. This reminded Johanson of a better day.

"This reminds me of a better day, Steven."

"Yeah. So fucking what, captain?"

"Well, I once gave a shit about Valentines Day. Now I'm just so

Pokey Goes to the Prom

apathetic. It just seems like a commercial ploy to have us buy Hallmark cards and—"

"Excuse me, captain?" Johanson stopped. A voice. Steven hadn't said that. The rich but playful female voice had come from behind him. Bartlebee turned.

He gasped at the sight. Like from a dream, a beautiful young woman whom he had never seen before stood before him. Her flowering orange hair glistened in the Starship o' Love's red light giving her an aura of radiant beauty beyond that of simply a gorgeous person. She seemed to retain a glimmering harmony about her that made Johanson nearly drop dead on the spot from shock and delight.

"Yes?" he managed to spit out.

"Captain, I don't deserve to eat this piece of cake."

Johanson looked down. She had taken a piece of the wedding cake that he and Steve had been giving out to married couples.

"Why not?"

"Well, I haven't married anyone tonight."

Johanson thought for a moment. What would Captain Kirk do at a moment like this?

"Would you like to have sex with me?" Nowait, he wouldn't say that.

"Would you like to marry me?" he sputtered out.

"Sure." Johanson was baffled, but called Spock over to perform the ceremony. He said, "I do," and looked into her eyes for a hug and a kiss. The icy realm of time melted from around his heart and he uttered, "I have to finish work up here, marrying people, but afterwards..."

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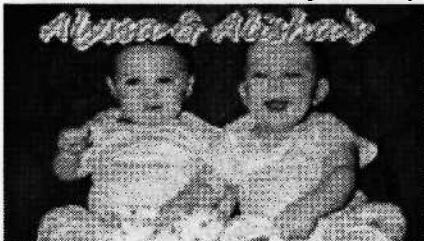
Baby Bouncers

by Jennifer Jymm Gifford

The world is going to hell. People are addicted to soap operas, little boys are taking guns to school, George W. Bush might be our next president. And the teenage pregnancy rate is going up. Lots of girls are getting pregnant, some of them, according to Ricky Lake, on purpose. "Why all this madness?" you scream at the heavens, hoping God will send you an answer. Well, I must admit that I do not have all of the answers, but I do know this: cute baby commercials are directly contributing to the rise in teen pregnancy.

Now, you might know what I mean. If you've watched daytime television lately, you know that babies are used to sell almost everything. There's the adorable commercial about a father feeding his newborn Carnation Good Start. Then there's the Cheerio's commercial that came out around the Holidays that features a baby in a high chair and his grandmother, who explains that they "will always be together at Christ-

mas". Then there's the Clorox Bathroom Cleaner commercial where toddlers playfully romp in the bathroom. These are just a few examples of the many that parade across the television set on weekday afternoons. One day I sat and counted... thirty percent of them had cute children under five. All of those children have the most beautiful tempers. They



smile and laugh. They're cute and cuddly. They make your arms itch to be wrapped around one of those sweet little bundles of joy. Christ, everytime I see one now, I begin to ponder the joys of motherhood. It's enough to drive me insane!

And now, it seems, the baby phenomenon has spread. There are babies on billboards, babies on magazines,

Life, The Universe, and Everything

talking babies in the movies. I've even seen babies in the supermarket!! Which brings me to my point: **it's no wonder those poor little girls on Ricky Lake were so hungry for pregnancy!! They've been duped!**

But let's remember that, while many children are adorable (I sure as hell was!!), they are also loud. And cranky. And smelly. And they will grow up to hate you....even after you've joyfully put up with all of their crying and pooping and throwing up. So the next time you see a burbling baby on the television set, and you are tempted to run out and get one of your own, just think that he's probably just laid a big smelly one in it's diaper. And the next time those girls show up on Ricky Lake, begging someone to father their children, please remember that they are not sluts. They are victims of our



continued from previous page

"I'll be downstairs dancing. Come find me." And she disappeared. Johanson stood, dumbfounded. What had just happened?

"Dude, what just happened?"

"I don't know man... I think I just sort of fell in love again." Steven laughed. Johanson sighed.

Five minutes later, Johanson decided to bolt. He didn't want to meet her again as Kirk, so he decided to go back to his dorm room to change. In only twenty minutes, he was back to the prom. But to his surprise, it was over.

Johanson looked at his watch and saw that it had ended ten minutes ago. He frantically looked around at the remainder of the people there. He

checked the building, the Starship o' Love, and even a party nearby.

The walk back to his dorm was slow and cold. Johanson looked up at the moon, then concluded, "She may not have recognized me anyway. Maybe it was all just a fantasy. Maybe I'm just like Charlie Brown and she's the red-headed girl of lore... damn, would it have been better to have been loved as Kirk than to not have any love at all?" Johanson stopped. His breath rippled through the night's air. He breathed in, and out, then in again, tasting life, realizing that he was still alive.

"One day, red-headed girl, I will find you. We'll meet in a small cafe. 'Freebird' will begin to play, and we will have our moment again."

What Johanson didn't realize was that in his haste to change, there was a penguin and a snowman somewhere, standing together. The snowman turned to the penguin (whose name will remain anonymous), and said, "Pokey, I have a dream. My dream is that one day, penguins and snowmen will live together in peace."

"But Mr. Nutty, we do live in peace."

"My dream has come true!!"

"Hooray!"

"Yes."

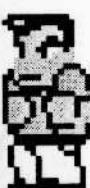
"Hooray!"

The penguin and snowman were living together in peace. Bartlebee Johanson was doomed.





Section ZOLE



by Michael Zole

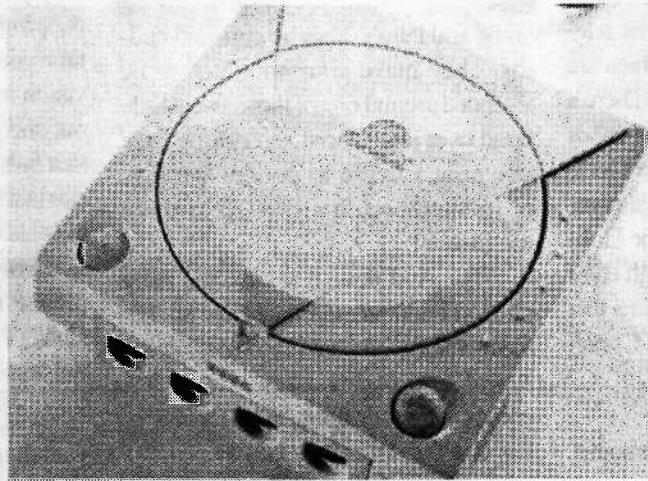
Welcome back to a very special Section Zole, where Zole tells you what to like. This week: the Sega Dreamcast.

I get made fun of a lot, what with the video games and all. I find this somewhat hypocritical, considering I am not alone in my fandom. Be it indie music, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, or soy milk, we've all got our fetishes, especially on this campus. At least mine is good for an *Omen* article every other week.

To explain why I bother talking about the Dreamcast, you have to understand the "System Wars". This is a ridiculous conflict that dates back to the mid-80's, when Nintendo's NES and Sega's Master System were vying for video game market share. People who played games would buy one or the other, and the more juvenile of them would talk smack about how their system was better. There are people out there – on the Internet, mostly – who are still bitter about the NES/SMS rivalry.

This rift between Nintendo and Sega (and a few other hopefuls) continued as new machines were introduced, until a wrench was thrown into the equation: Sony, and their PlayStation console, which was originally planned as a CD-ROM add-on for the Super Nintendo. For some reason, I'm guessing chemicals in the water supply, gamers everywhere decided the PlayStation was the system to own, dooming Sega's rival Saturn console and making the Nintendo 64 a profitable failure.

The ridiculous thing about the "System Wars" is that great games are made for every system out there (except for the Atari Jaguar, which just plain sucked). In an earlier article I mentioned several excellent games for the Sega Saturn that were all but ignored because of Sony's stranglehold on the market. Now Sony is readying the PlayStation 2 (with a symbolically unoriginal name), and if Sony and their increasingly zombie-like followers have their way, the same may happen with the Dreamcast.



Dream on, suckah.

Remember, games are about having fun, not strengthening a monopoly (unless the game is Monopoly). For some reason, the only people who really seem to get this are rappers. In an interview on The Daily Show, **Ice Cube remarked, "[Y]ou gotta get up on Dreamcast."** In the March 2000 issue of Electronic Gaming Monthly, Del the Funky Homosapien gave his two cents on Dreamcast: "Bypass the graphics 'cause that's

I Have A Dream

obvious. To see Sega coming back is probably the best thing about it... Sony is a big, corporate entity. I know their main focus is money so I'm going to make sure they release games I like first before I buy their new system, you know what I'm saying?"

Yes, Del, I certainly do. But for those of you who have your doubts about Dreamcast, I'd like to close by answering some of the common complaints misconceptions I've heard.

The PlayStation 2 and Nintendo's Dolphin will have better graphics.

Yes, of course they will.

The difference, however, is not as dramatic as you might think. To put it one way: it's hard to go back to the PlayStation after seeing the Dreamcast in action, but it won't be hard to go back to the Dreamcast after the PlayStation 2. I've seen the PS2 screen shots. They're impressive, but not that far ahead of the Dreamcast.

There aren't any good games for the Dreamcast.

This is a matter of personal taste, but still... bullshit. In its six months of release the Dreamcast has already seen some incredible titles (and less crap, percentage-wise, than the PlayStation). The Dreamcast has also been receiving original, inventive games, as opposed to the PlayStation sequel parade. The role-playing game selection is a bit slim now, but remember that Final Fantasy VII didn't come along until the PlayStation was two years old.

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Ode to Peter

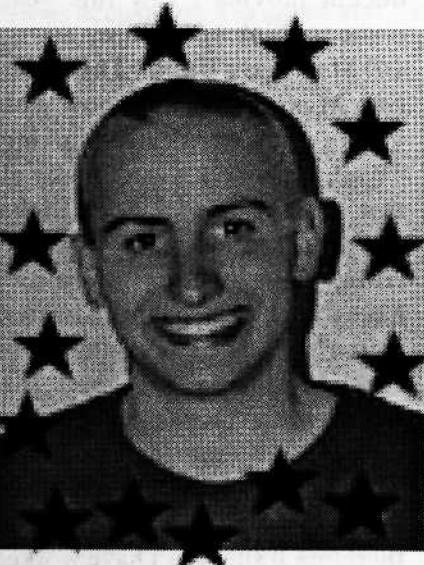
by Mark Hugo

I'd like to take you on another little journey down memory lane. The impeachment of a certain fellatio-loving president had recently left a bad taste in America's collective mouth, the WWC was in its infancy, Eddie Murphy yet again stole the heart of millions with his claymation sitcom "PJ's", and a young upstart publisher whose boyish looks brought to mind Mark McKinney's loveable character, the "Chicken Lady," was in his second semester at Hampshire College. Yes, my friends, it was Spring semester 1999. And that young son of Chicken Lady upstart was none other than Peter Kowalke.

I'm not sure if you remember Peter. In relation to our school's career it must seem like decades ago that Peter left under a cloud of suspicion and rumors. Of course, how else do you leave a school where the only source of news and history is rumors and hearsay. I honestly think the only true bit of Hampshire history I've ever heard is the one about Dave-Dave and Dog-Dog. Or was that Dan-Dan and Cat-Cat. Whatever; nice "school" we got here.

Peter was an awkward sort of guy. His years of home schooling left him without any noticeable

social skills. After stepping on campus he immediately pissed off most people involved with on-campus publications, including the *Omen*. Despite what people may of thought, I didn't hate the kid. He was a Godsend actually. He gave me more material to work with than



Remember to proof read grammar.

I could ever have imagined. Although I imagine he was unbearable to work with, while he was editor-in-chief at the *Forward* they actually put out issues regularly. Now the closest thing we have to competition is that *Nemo* trash. Furthermore, the kid actually liked this school. In fact, he was so damn interested in our mutual

course, "Russian and Cuban Revolutions," he looked like he was constantly hitting on Prof. Carol Bengelsdorf. He'd sit up in the front row, smiling and grinning, grinning and smiling. It was disturbing how much he liked Hampshire. Hell, if this hadn't my third college I would have been out of here years ago.

All in all, it just seems as if we were a bit harsh on Peter. Rank on him: yes. Belittle him: yes. Compare him to the Chicken Lady: most definitely. But kick him out? To be more accurate (about as accurate as I can be, going on second-hand information), he was asked to leave and forbidden to work on any campus publications (makes it kind of hard to concentrate in publishing). Don't get me wrong, the kid screwed up big time. He printed photos and material specifically forbidden by his interviewee, in what looked like a pathetic attempt to sensationalize a mundane story. But, maybe I just miss having a worthy publication to wage war on. Maybe I just miss the days when students were interested in both publications and the *Omen* was packed with submissions from non-staffers. So now that you're not around to annoy the piss out of me.

I raise a glass to you,  Peter Kowalke.

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It costs too much. \$200 is actually a pretty good price for what you're getting, and industry analysts are estimating the PlayStation 2's price at \$300 or more. (The original PlayStation was originally \$350).

The controller is fucked up. This is true, but trust me, you get used to it.

The PlayStation 2 plays DVD mov-

ies! Yes it does. Sega is currently looking into a DVD add-on for the Dreamcast; if enough people get on board, it will happen.

But... dude! There's going to be, like, Tekken Tag Tournament for the PS2 and... aw, shit, it looks so cool! Tekken Tag Tournament is just Tekken 3 with added features and improved graphics. Gran Turismo 2000 is just Gran Turismo 2 with

added features and improved graphics. And so on. What exactly is exciting about that?

There will be a better system out soon. If you're not ready to accept this, you shouldn't play video games.

Well, Dreamcast sucks. Okay, whatever. I'll let you play *The Dukes of Hazzard* on your PlayStation in peace. 



by Wade Stuckwisch

So I was busily reading last semester's news in the most recent issue of our proud campus newspaper when I happened to notice a feature that interested me. Actually, the first thing I noticed was that my favorite column, "...And Then I Cried" was missing. And then I cried. And then I spent the rest of the day listening to The Shyness Clinic like a poon. But all kidding aside, what I noticed was a list of the top 10 films for the year 1999. Appropriate, considering that Oscar nominations are out and all. So, this being nominally a movie review column, I figured that maybe I should follow suit and compile a list of my favorites for the year. Unfortunately, unlike *The Forward*'s movie critic, I did not make it to Pleasant Street for every film they bothered screening, so I'm sure my list will not look half as nice. (Hey, fuckface! Did *American Beauty* slip your mind or were you just trying to be cool? Or was the symbolism too weighty for you?) In fact, my list will probably look pretty shitty, since I missed seeing a large number of good movies this year due to general laziness, Div III and the closing of the Hampshire 6. Then again, you may enjoy it more, since it won't be all obscure art house flicks. So on that note, I present my (not *The Omen*'s) list of top 10 favorite (not the 10 best) movies (not films) of the year. Ac-

Wade's Favorite Movies of the Year

tually, this list may well be *all* the decent movies I saw this year, come to think of it. Enjoy...

10) Star Wars Ep. 1 - The Phantom Menace: ...and I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "Wait, Episode 1 wasn't really all that great. I hated Jar Jar Binks, the mitochlorians thing was terrible, George Lucas shouldn't have directed, the main characters weren't nearly as engaging as the ensemble for the first three (i.e. middle three) movies of the series, and the schematics for Darth Maul's light saber clearly show the power supply is in the middle, therefore it shouldn't have worked anymore after it was cut in half."

Well, I'm thinking you should take your silly opinions, sit on your thumb and pack 'em up your ass. Weren't you ever a kid? Didn't you ever wish you were Luke Skywalker, or Han Solo, or Princess Leia, or (who knows at this school) Bib Fortuna? It's a set-up movie. It's establishing the conflicts for the next two movies. I mean, did you expect a peppy, fun romp, like episodes 4-6, when the basic plot revolves around cute little Anakin eventually becoming Darth Vader? Pshaw! All I know is the pod races were awesome, I had a lot of fun, and my only complaint is that the

people I lived with this summer fell a mere one cup top short of collecting the whole set.

9) Dogma: Sure, no one else liked this movie, but what can I say, I'm a huge unrepentant Kevin Smith fanboy. I think you had to grow up around dissatisfied Catholics to truly appreciate this movie. Whatever.

8) South Park - Bigger, Longer, and Uncut/American Pie (tie): In a year where the federal government called for stricter enforcement of the already ridiculous movie rating system, in a time where reactionaries on the Littleton bandwagon furthered attempts to demonize Hollywood and blame all America's social problems on the movie industry, and in an age where Wal-Mart and Blockbuster Video decide what you're free to express, it's nice to see a middle-finger response to common sensibility like these two wickedly funny comedies. When America is no longer allowed to chuckle freely at small children cursing like longshoremen, pointless full frontal nudity, catchy songs about uncle-fucking, and some kid curiously fingering a hot apple pie, then freedom is truly dead. Plus, both these movies were wet-your-pants funny like some shit. Yo.

7) The Blair Witch Project: Yes, this movie should be in the dictionary for "overhyped," but give it up for two film students scaring half of America for a cool thirty grand investment. Sure, most of

the credit should go to distributor Artisan for a truly slick marketing job, and sure, if you pick it apart it wasn't much of a story, but you have to admit that if you saw this movie you were probably scared as shit of the dark for at least a good thirty minutes afterward. Not bad for three kids, a CP-16, and a Hi-8 camera, eh? An "A" for effort, I say.

6) Being John Malkovich: This fascinating fantasy about the transient nature of blah blah blah, oh, but for the symbolism... whatever. Let's say this: it was a truly original picture in a year overloaded with slick computer graphics and weighty drama. I liked it, and fuck prose.

5) Radiohead - Meeting People Is Easy: If you think this is just another rock documentary, you obviously haven't seen it. Director Grant Gee captures the loneliness of the road and isolation of stardom with painful eloquence. If you never thought you could feel sorry for a millionaire rock star, wait until you see Thom Yorke sing "Creep" in front of thousands of adoring fans for the fifth time and you'll get the message. You don't have to be a big Radiohead fan to love this movie.

4 1/2) Rushmore: Officially "Rushmore" came out in 1998, but nobody outside of New York or LA saw it until early 1999, so I feel free to tack it on. "Rushmore"

is an eloquent statement about courage in the face of certain failure. Wes Anderson and Owen Wilson have a gift for capturing the pain and the glory of being a misfit and a loser. If you're at Hampshire you should love this movie or you have no business being here. Not that I have any say over who should or shouldn't be here. Okay, fine then, I withdraw my previous accusation. Go ahead and stay.

4) Eyes Wide Shut: I think critical acceptance of this movie waned somewhat in the months after its initial release, but that shouldn't be allowed to detract from this amazingly strange film. As far as I can tell, Stanley Kubrick was a man incapable of making anything less than an amazing film, even when he went out as far on a limb as he did with "Eyes Wide Shut." It's definitely no "2001," but what else is?

3) Fight Club: Lots of people never took this movie seriously. I guess they thought it was too flashy or too grungey/gothy, or they just never got past the commercials, or they just let some preconceived political agenda get in the way. So you all know how I worship Stanley Kubrick, right? Well, "Fight Club" is the best movie of its kind since "A Clockwork Orange." I shit you not. I can't wait until the DVD comes out so I can go back and pick out all the

crazy single-frame subliminal shit. Plus, what isn't more entertaining than Brad Pitt playing crazy?

2) The Sixth Sense: Anyone who questions the tastes of the American film-going audience either has to take this movie as a blessing or a slap in the face. Words fail me. It's perfect. And it was released by Dreamworks, for crap's sake. What's up with a good movie coming out of a major studio, for any reason other than some big name director producing some pretentious claptrap in the hopes of an Oscar bid? I guess the failure of every bad huge-budget rip-off piece of crap finally got the attention of some movie execs. I can't wait to see what M. Night Shyamalan does next.

1) American Beauty: Yup. A predictable choice, huh? Well, like I said, I missed a lot of movies this year. And it's not like it wasn't an excellent movie. It could have just been a half-assed mid-life crisis story, if it wasn't for all the little things like the Buñuel-esque touches of surrealism and some truly fantastic acting, especially from Chris Cooper. Man, did he ever get ripped off by not getting nominated for an Oscar. My man Chris was robbed. Shee-it.

Yeah, so that's the list. Now I will never speak of movies again. HA HA HA HA HA. Go read  Surly Boy again.

Oh, Mumford! by B. T. Johnston

by Neil Golden



Eat This Billie Blank

by Zak Kaufman

Over the past few years I've observed our country become swept up in fad after fad. Watching the creators of these fads become rich by exploiting the idiots of the country (not us. UMass students) out of their hard earned money and dignity, I've grown disgusted, and have decided that I want in.

I've isolated the most successful trends into three broad categories (exercise, religion, and toys), along with the most successful examples of each (Tae-Bo, Scientology, and Pokémon). As such I have created 3 new trends, each with the potential to sweep the country and make me a billionaire with the power to crush each and every one of you (especially you!).

No one can deny the popularity of Billie Blank's Tae-Bo, a new exercise that tries to make working out more exciting by combining aerobics with fake martial arts. I think the appeal of Tae-Bo is that it lets you really cut loose with your movements, throwing your limbs all around the place and have a lot of fun. The only weakness in Tae-Bo I can find is the difficulty in some of its routines, requiring practice and grace. As such, my replacement for Tae-Bo takes its positive attributes to a new level while weeding out its weaknesses, creating a free flying exercise that even the stupid can enjoy. Allow me to introduce the 'Run around like a crazy idiot until you're out of breath' workout. Essentially, this exercise involves running around a large room screaming with both arms flailing in a mad rampage until you pass out from overexertion. This exercise employs Tae-Bo's free flying fun

without the complicated preset movements that would weed out the simple minded, eliminating a fad's largest potential audience. I think you'll find that running around like a crazy idiot until you're out of breath will soon replace Tae-Bo in the nation's hearts, giving me the official title (and I expect you all to call me this) of Billie Blanks 2.

Now that I've cornered the exercise market, it's time to move on to world religions. In a very short amount of time Scientology has gained the faith of millions of weirdoes world wide, giving its creator L. Ron Hubbard the power of the Pope without having to deal with the hat. I hope to replicate this success with Yurtianity. **The basic tenet of Yurtianity is that all life on the planet originated not in Africa, but in the Yurt.** The two central figures of Yurtianity (aside from myself) are Shaggy and Velma of Scooby-Doo fame, from whom all of humanity descended thousands of years ago after their union in the Yurt (I was always hoping those two crazy kids would get together). The devil of Yurtianity is often personified by abandoned carnival owners and the like disguising themselves as monsters, and is easily dispatched by invoking the Talking Dog. One of the keys to Scientology's success so far has been its support by the movie industry, which is why Yurtianity will work instead for dominance in the unsuccessful former Saturday Night Live cast member industry. I expect to have Joe Piscopo as the spokesperson for

Yurtianity within two months.

Surpassing the success of both Tae-Bo and Scientology has been Pokémon, which has caused millions of American children (and Hampshire students) to completely and irrevocably freak out. I now present the new alternative to Pokémon, 'Sharp-glass-edons'. Each Sharp-glass-edon is a meticulously assembled bag of broken glass, made of the finest, sharpest glass available today. Pokémon's success has been fueled by the huge amount of variety available, with dozens of different Pokémon to collect and trade and steal. Sharp-glass-edons takes this a step further. While there will be 12 distinct breeds of Sharp-glass-edons available at shipping (Stained, Coke bottle, Extra Sharp...), each individual Sharp-glass-edon is itself a unique assemblage of broken glass, with no two bags being the same. This is achieved by the fact that it is really hard to produce two identical bags of broken glass. Thus, Sharp-glass-edons will become the most collected and traded toys in history. In addition, Sharp-glass-edons make perfect matches for the two companion toy lines that will be introduced shortly after shipping, Bandage-edons and Disinfectant-edons.

I'm not stupid. I know that it's very difficult to launch a successful exercise, religion, or toy and actually succeed. However, I think it's very obvious that at least one of these fads is 100% guaranteed by God to succeed and make me a billionaire. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but definitely within a month. Now, when I'm a billionaire I'll almost definitely go completely insane with power and set my life toward

continued on next page

Back in the Saddle

by Keely Flynn

There are two clearly defined categories of people at Hampshire—the pathetic nice guys and the flaming asshole dumb fucks. Admittedly, a bit of crossover exists, but it's usually on the end of slipping from P.N.G. to F.A.D.F. That's sad.

The pathetic nice guys (and chicks) are characterized by an intense need to give The Benefit Of The Doubt. To as many people as possible, as many times as the situation arises. Regardless. You know them, they're most likely your friends—but chances are, you will (you as in "You Flaming Asshole Dumb Fuck") say something downright mean when they approach and laugh it off later—Hey baby, you know I love you. Just kidding.

Yeah? Screw you. That starts to suck after awhile—being honestly happy to see someone, only to have them turn it around as a way to flex their collective dick while spewing wisdom on how the State is a conditioned response, an anthropological equation, a semantic matrix, an assumption of socialization, blah fucking blah, and thus prove their utter contempt for that crazy little thing called love.

Enter flaming asshole

continued from previous page
crushing everyone who ever opposed me. Insane as I will be, I will most likely misconstrue the slightest distorted memory as evidence that someone was my enemy, most likely resulting in that person's immediate

dumb fuck. For whatever reason, he/she/you have it in your coked-up mind that you are better than anyone/everyone/me. You ain't—and you've proved it yet again by opening your cake hole and being nasty to perhaps the wrong person this time. To stop and consider how much effort it actually takes to be civil is so fucking beyond you—it's much easier to regurgitate ideas that someone had before you than hone up on some actual social skills. **I'd love to see the Marxian formula for an oligarchy get you out of a traffic violation, or a good, old-fashioned street fight.**

Essentially, if we brought back the lost art of uppercuts, I guarantee we'd have less insecure yet mouthy wankers who give advice under the pretense of friendship, yet do it simply to enhance their ego—See? I'm saving her from herself, she's a wounded bird. But once said P.N.G. gets back on their feet, narcissistic Dumb Fuck is nowhere to be found. That's right cowboy, you've done your job— you're now obsolete. You've exerted your power, you've healed the

death. As such, I suggest you all get in on the ground floor on one of these fads with a large investment. That way, I'll either remember you as a friend (in which case I'm less likely to have you brutally shot down in the street like a dirty, dirty dog), or if I'm



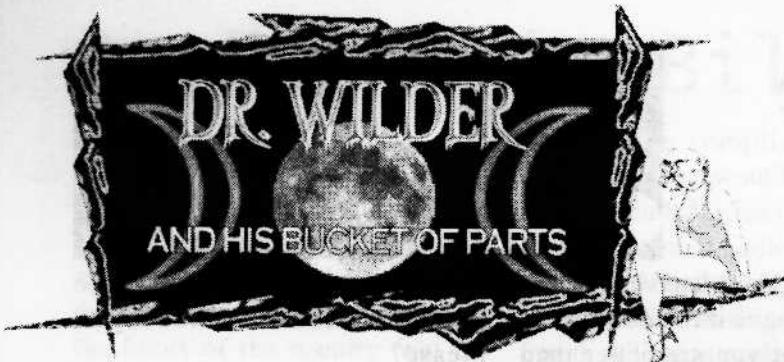
situation, can we get back to Pre-Christian Theology? Please?

How about if next time, you do all the poor saps of the world a favor—back the fuck off. We do not need your pity, your "free" advice, your pretense at friendship. Believe it or not, asshole, most of us are entitled to and used to better treatment from people esteemed higher than yourself. What the shit—there's such a thing? Yeah.

To sum up—Flaming Asshole Dumb Fucks: watch your backs. A couple of the Pathetic Nice Guys/Girls are being conditioned to instinctively lash out with a right hook whenever you feel the need to pontificate on something that no one gives a fuck about. Gosh, that never happens, right? You're not funny, no one's really amused, you have no friends, you smell bad. Chances are good, if you recognize yourself in any of these characteristics, it's directed at you—a rolled-up greasy ball of six or seven of you fucknuts who chose to screw with my mind this week.

By the way, the Marxian formula for a ruling class is essentially a monopoly on the means of production. See—I can do it too, but usually choose not to. See why? You dumb fuck.

so insane that I still try to kill you (which is likely), you'll have enough money to defend yourself and kill me. Donations can be sent to box 697, and should be attached either to a note with your name, or to candy.



by J. Wilder Konschak

Not that I'm bragging, but I've been told that I'm a good kisser in my life. Of course, I've been told that I was "okay," too, and that I was at least on the level of so-and-so or whatshisface, so don't feel too bad. I suspect that behind my back some wench has called me a lousy kisser. Said I was sloppy or awkward or kissed like a vacuum cleaner. I doubt it of course. Sincerely doubt it. Oh boy! do I doubt it — believe you me!

But, in all honesty, I find this whole affair really stupid. That is, I cannot believe that people trade kiss-ratings like Pokemon cards. To my recollection I've never been in the middle of kissing a girl and found myself judging my lovely assistant's performance. In fact - I can't even imagine how to go about doing that. I'm usually too busy kissing, or trying to figure out how to grab her breasts in a non-chalant but confident way.

My mind has never produced this sentence, or anything like it, until the moment that I typed it: "Good, good - her teeth aren't in the way - her lips aren't too wet or sloppy - tongue's not clumsy or intrusive - I give it an 8.5" Usually, I'm thinking, "Kiss. Kiss. Watch out for the nose ... ooh, soft," or something less coherent.

In fact, if ever I'm kissing someone and I'm that utterly disinterested, that utterly picky

and mechanical, I think I'd better put my shorts back on and do my homework (unless it might lead to getting some, of course).

How can a person be that grossly and instantly judgemental? Someone is KISSING YOU, fool.

Someone is not-repulsed by you long enough to put their mouth against (and into) yours.

And not only that - how can a person be that confident about their own kissing? They've elected themselves expert on the matter, so skilled that they don't even need to give attention to the kiss they're currently in!

Perhaps these smooch-judges will say they pass judgement after-the-fact, but that seems somewhat unlikely. They could only do this in one of two ways. Either they've remained so objective that their memory wasn't swayed by emotion or passion (which brings us back to my original criticism of detachment), or they're making pointless, pompous babble (which is also likely). Besides, Don Juan, isn't a bad kiss at least 50% your own dumb fault?

Okay. Okay.

Don't get me wrong - this has nothing to do with sacralizing sexual activities (ahem, ha ha ha!). I think one can judge another's performance when it goes beyond the kiss, when it gets into bed (or

You Must Remember This...

the floor). This is simply because selfishness can make sex bad for the unselfish member of the pair (or threesome). (Besides, I've always gotten rave reviews in bed - I wouldn't want to give THAT up. It's kind of a resume). I just can't see how a selfish person could fuck up a kiss.

"No! Kiss my lips! I'm tired of kissing yours!"

It seems to me (perhaps mistakenly, due to my naivety - I'm sure I haven't sampled the millions of kisses that these judges have) that kissing is mutual, like hugging. (If there's anything I'm sure of - I'm a fucking GREAT hug. Goddamn orgasmic at hugs. In fact, I prefer hugs to kisses at this point, just so I can show off.)

Hugs and kisses are equal exchanges of affection when they're not faked. WHEN THEY'RE NOT FAKED. How could someone be shallow enough to quantify and qualify those kinds of things?

Then again - perhaps that's where my error lies. I still think of kisses as expressions of love and of passion. They mean something or another, even if I'm not sure what everytime. I suppose more people think of kissing as a party-game. Think of sex as a nice way to get to know someone's hall.

This is when I'd normally poke fun at Keely, but you can insert your own related insult without my help at this point. XOXOXOXO

Wasting Time

by Gareth Edel

*I*t has been a while since I took the time to put something in the *Omen*, I always mean to, but this semester I only made one issue. So I now return with a short story I wrote last semester. I take this opportunity to remind you, the reader, of my pledge to answer any question that is sent, about health, science, Hampshire etc... do you want to know about the legendary suicide on Intran? What happens if you mix alcohol and pain killers? Will too much E over a long time really fuck with your brain? Why is snow white? I can find the answers. When I don't get questions (almost all the time) I have to come up with other material for my articles. Since I don't resort to stating what I hate it takes me a while. So let me know what you want to know. My Box is 1419, and my Email is gaeF95. Questions can be anonymous or signed and can be anything—*inclusion and response guaranteed*.

I sat on cold, hard, stone steps, my right hand being warmed by a cup of watery tea. My left hand was fluttering around, clutching a cigarette. The street moving past me, not really noticing, I had become another element of the landscape. My head was down and my back curved into an unattractive slouch. At one point a pair of Japanese tourists take a picture of the comic book store next door with me in it. My long coat and duct tapped boots will be a part of the presentation they give of America to friends at home. I hope they don't think all Americans are messy like me.

The street I usually sit on is called Saint Mark's Place and is



ASK THE END TWINS

HEALTH AND COMMUNITY
AT HAMPSHIRE

located in the East Village of Manhattan in New York City. It has until recently been a messy hangout for punks, hippies, and assorted styles of dress that I couldn't define. It is a keystone to the weirdness of the East Village just as The StoneWall site is central to the atmosphere in the West Village.

Saint Mark's place has the best falafel stand I know in New York, the most out of place Gap, a huge community center for the local residents and several piercing and tattoo parlors.

The crowd is centered at the street's west end. That spot can hold rich and poor, or young and old. The street runs from Thomson Square park at Avenue A, to Cooper Square at Broadway. This distance of only four blocks is a tourist attraction and a popular hang out. Although fewer tourists come to St. Mark's than will find their way to Times Square, it is always noisy with local and foreign tourists. Commuters from Jersey and the Island come in to the city for a good time. Some find their way to the bars and clubs on Saint Mark's. I live in Queens and take the subway to downtown Manhattan, the trip takes from twenty five to forty five minutes.

Saint Mark's Place is being "gentrified" the process of increasing the rents and changing the lower class elements of a neighborhood to fancy upper-class elements has be-

gun. I remember when the Gap first came in, or the K-Mart on Cooper Square—I thought that the street would never change. The police presence has since increased, rents continue to rise, and the Gap is now taking the space that four shops did when I first went to Saint Mark's. The Pizza Place is still there on the corner of Third, and so are Freaks and the other tee shirt and punk accessory shop. The Cigar and Candy Shops are still on the corners, but the one time grungy classic 'Anarchy Cafe' is now a trendy bar called 'The Continental'. There are still lines of club goers in front of 'Coney Island High' and there is still a large section of pornography at Kim's Video, even after moving to a new store front down the block.

I can't list every shop, you wouldn't want me to. There are always changes when I am away for a while. Not the least of which was the sprouting of five or six tattoo studios after the fifty year ban on tattooing in New York City was lifted. What I go back for mostly is the people. To see a mohawk next to a couture hat. A svelte twenty year old yoga teacher and next to her a three hundred pound biker in leathers while they wait for slices of pizza. If the people give each other a second look it is forgiven. Locals and tourists are forgiven their stares. There are parts of New York that are more like New York than other parts.

Part of the street for me is the people, the people come to see it and the street grows to be what they expect. When piercing and tattooing was less popular there

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were more clothing stores and fewer body shops. The success of the Japanese restaurants caused more to pop up. The Street and the People feed into each other. Part of the street for me is the homeless, they are there as background for small dramas everyday. Sometimes when I sit there I talk to them.

I sat on cold hard stone steps. Thinking that my ass had fallen asleep and that my tea was empty. The crowds were gone, it was too late for most people. Probably nearing four in the morning and I chatted with my new friend. He was in his fifties, weather worn and ragged, as could be said of all of New York's homeless. I heard someone call the homeless 'the economically disadvantaged' once. My companion's name was DC and he didn't complain about being economically disadvantaged. He had walked up to me earlier and started talking. Eventually he lead up to the pitch, I looked too young to buy myself beer. Would I like him to buy me one. This line implied that he would buy beer in the shop for me, if I would buy him one. I said that I didn't want one, but since I had nothing going on I would buy him one. We talked about the street while we walked to the store.

DC's Saint Mark's Place started years before, when he had first moved up to New York. He wasn't originally from the Big apple. Neither was he from Washington, which surprised me. I never did find out where his slight accent or his name came from. He had seen the clearing of Thomson Square park, when riot police had removed protesters and homeless in buses, using violence. He had been rolled by teenagers around the cor-

ner for his two dollars. His vivid descriptions became more colorful with the second beer. He talked and sipped while I drank my tea and gave him the last drags off my butts.

He would give me advice, about women and smoking, how to live your life. "You always gotta do what makes you happy" he would say, or "be good to your family." He said that I should smoke less.

While we wandered up and down the street we noticed again the girl. Neither of us mentioned her until we sat back down on the stoop. The girl was a blonde punk maybe sixteen years old, wearing ragged army surplus. She had been laying on the sidewalk leaning on a backpack.

I had noticed her in the same spot for hours, since I arrived in Manhattan around five. Every time I walked up and down the street. Twice while I watched she had had coughing fits and once some other punk kids tried to wake her up and said she had coughed up blood. They were her friends and I left it to them to take care of her. In New York the unwritten law is keep your nose out of other people's business. I have friends who might argue that I should have tried to help. I would answer I did.

As I sat there, before I talked to DC, I asked a cop I recognized to see if she was alright. He was a jolly fat guy. My friends and I met him and had a long talk about heavy metal music with him, months before then. He was friendly and accessible. I asked him and he waddled down to check on her, I trailed along. Watching from a distance, he woke her and she said she was fine. He couldn't do much

else, she didn't seem sick to him. He waved good night and moved on. I for my part felt that I had done what I could to help her. With a clear conscience I then pretended not to see her. Until DC brought up the subject.

DC said in his own fashion that he was worried about her:

"What-chu think's wrong wit that girl?"

"She's been there for hours, I saw her friends checking on her earlier, and she's been coughing a lot. I think maybe a bad trip on something. I don't know."

"You're smart to stay in school, and treat your family good, won't end up like her." He said without a trace of irony that the advice came from another homeless person.

"Yeah, I have a friend who has talked to her..." remembering her face from when Katie had pointed her out to me. "Runaway, maybe seventeen, bad family life. I seen her around before."

"You ain't saying anything I couldn't have guessed. I hope she ends up alright."

The conversation continued for a few more minutes and I watched an attractive woman in her twenties try to talk to the girl after moving down the block from hanging around on the corner. She had tight black clothing, tall heels and a tiny waist line. A girl who had been out for a night of fun and didn't realize the fun had ended. DC and I had noticed her about half an hour earlier and joked about which of us had the better chance of having sex with her. Now she walked towards us.

"Do either of you know if that girl is alright?"

DC and I said what we knew, often repeating details the

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other had already said, we set out our knowledge. She slowly lit a cigarette and silently looked worried. A silent moment passed.

"I called for an ambulance before. It's been a half hour already."

DC and I looked at her in surprise. We held no surprise over the slowness of an ambulance called to check on an overdosing girl late at night. We were both for different reasons surprised that this nice looking girl was acting in so un-New York a fashion. In the hours that we had chatted and sat it never occurred to us to actually call an ambulance. I was struck with a feeling that visitors to New York often tell me they have. The feeling of disgust over an accepted view of apathy. Visitors who mention this feeling to me usually speak about others, I felt it for myself.

We held the silence until DC said that the ambulance probably wasn't coming. She nodded and I spat on the ground, not as accent or emphasis, simply to do something when I had no words to say.

"Having a good night?" DC said to the girl in heels with something in his voice. His voice was really old right then. I looked at him and saw he was in his late sixties not his forties.

"It's been real slow. If you

guys are going to be out here I may go. You'll see that she's alright? I want to go soon."

Although we agreed to check on the girl, she stayed a time, we chatted. She lived a long train ride away. It was getting late and she was tired. These words inspired me to be tired after a long night. And more tired because I thought I had been remiss to not help the sick girl more. After slow meaningless words the girl in heels walked away. After a slow glance to the sick girl she was gone. DC turned and said:

"It's nice to meet a pretty girl. Shame she has to do that, and worry."

"Dude, what are you talking about, worrying about the girl?"

"You could have had her for a few bills."

"No, she wasn't." After I said it, before DC even smiled, I realized there were few reasons for an attractive woman in tight clothing to stand alone on a corner at four or five in the morning. I was irritated at being shown naive when I was sitting as an adult.

"Damn."

"What else would she have been doing out here now?"

"Sure enough...."

We sat and made light talk, but the lightness of the sky pressed us and we soon started talking about

parting. I insisted on giving DC another dollar despite when we did I walked by the sick girl and remembered the worry the three of us had shared and looked for a cop to talk to again. The cops had gone elsewhere for the night and I slumped my way up to a train station walking in the early light and seeing the first shops opening.

After a while I forgot most detail, but I remember seeing the runaway girl healthy again, long after the night I spent with DC. She was on Saint Mark's asking for change and I passed by handing her a dollar wishing her luck. She didn't say a word but I wished I knew what her voice sounded like.

The next time I saw DC he didn't recognize me and I didn't remind him. I gave him a dollar instead of the change I usually find for homeless people. I always wonder whether he is still on Saint Mark's or if he went elsewhere. If he is still there his face is not clear enough in my mind to tell. The homeless people I see aren't smiling and I remember DC's smile more than the rest of his face. Not smiling when he was joking. I remember the soft smile when we sat talking about life and he seemed to feel our differences less. His jokes had been about our differences.

Oh, Mumford! by B. T. Johnston

So if you had to pick one thing about the comics these days that really annoys you what would it be

I don't know there are so many things you know comics used to be so much funnier I'm not sure

But I mean would it be the plots or maybe the characters do you think the characters

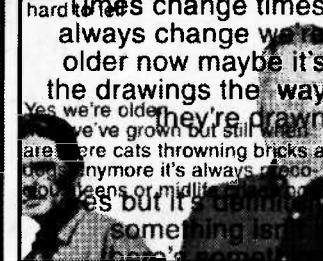
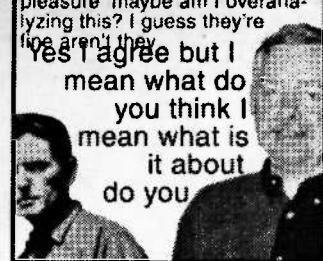
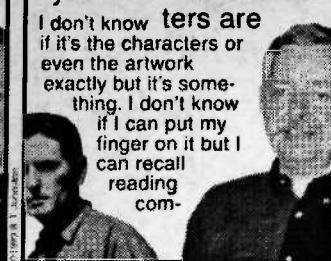
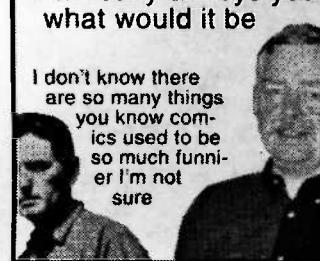
I don't know if it's the characters or even the artwork exactly but it's something. I don't know if I can put my finger on it but I can recall reading

ics when I was younger and the experience was very different maybe it's me who has changed and not the comics it's hard to tell it used to be such a simple pleasure maybe am I overanalyzing this? I guess they're fine aren't they

Yes I agree but I mean what do you think I mean what is it about do you

Don't know if it's something I could exactly put my finger on but it definitely has changed the way comics read and feel and I'm not sure if it's for the better but it's hard to be objective it's hard to see change times

always change we're older now maybe it's the drawings the way Yes we're older we've grown but still there are more cats throwing bricks a dog anymore it's always teenagers but it's definitely something isn't it



by Neil Golden

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Looky here! It's a Hampshire Word Find!

by Jess VanScoy

d r g y x j s s a l c e l d d i m r t u i v f e s l p k m
m t r h c d u i b f t p n s s v p b f t n m r k i m k i u
p k e v t b f j g x q a v g f u d h h t c s j g v p l m k
d d e n b h y f c r m k i y n g t t s e d n k a y f v r o
h s r f g g t v t o p l k k m j h g b i h b v m j p o i n
r e e v y r v f r e w x s f r f c x k d y u j e b r l f w
b p r h r b a k j h t t h k l o i e j k l p l r h p v m n
c y f r w c j n v r t u i o k h t j r e w x c s l i o n t
k s a g a f r j d y g v f r d i k j u h b g t o p r f v h
o l s j t g v b j b m h g t h e d c s w p l i t r m n t f
y k e h y b n v c d i r t w n h f r d m p l m n g d c g y
n p i u n h t a e c g b u b p l a h y o g t f d o k n h t
b j p y n b r c c h y b l o p l s j u h u v c f r t f v e
h y p g v o k i j y g v t e c f c y h b j g u n n p m c b
o b i t r c j d b w s p o m j u i v f r t b m k i g n h y
r n h u f v t b h y a v d l m c s e w s j u y a h i d b h
e p l m k h b y t v a f r e s c t h u i j n b j r p l m y
v m b v r o p p j g b v n k h f p l m j u b h p j t m b d
u j u g b g t r d c f g p l k m n b g r e w e s f z i c h
t n e m e l z z e b m e w x c v h u n k l i t r f m k n h
p i n h y f e v f t y h b j i m n g f r g p b g y n j i u
j u h b a t f v d r d c b h j t p o m g w g r v h r v g y
v b g s e d c x z x c f r t y u i n e g e w p l m m l o p
d p o r n i n t h e b o o k s t o r e l m k j u y r b w w
e w c g t y h b g r e d c f g y g i o n g t h j n e v r f
t g y h t y u i e d c x g t y b v g t y o k m n t p f c v
g t c e d r t v g y u s k n u r d j r f c v h u i p h t e
q v h u i o p l m n g f e d s w r t y u i n b h p u m j u

Words

Pot	porn in the bookstore
Acid	SAGA
hippies	Doug Martin
greggie prince	Fascist
embezzlement	upper
ten grand bible	middle-class
gamers	white kids
punks	Saab
drunks	Volvo